

SPOILERS FOR THE END OF HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS

“Well Mr. Potter, Harry. The decision is entirely yours. I know you’ll do great with whatever you do and I would be more than happy to help you.” Professor McGonagall gave a warm smile and a pat on his back as Harry stood up and walked away from her office. Harry looked over a crowd of people as he walked towards the entrance of Hogwarts. It had been over 3 weeks since the battle of Hogwarts and there was still rubble and ruckus surrounding the halls. Apparently magic can’t do everything. A sigh from close by pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Did you talk to Professor McGonagall about it?” Harry turned to see a wonderful sight. Ginny.

“Well?”

“Oh! Uh, yeah, I did. She said she’d help me with whatever decision I made although, I think I have a pretty good idea of what that will be.”

“Good. I’m glad.” She kissed his temple.

“Now, let’s go back to the burrow. Mum’s making stew tonight I think.”

“Thank you.”

Ginny turned to him. “For what? You’re the one who thought of this, Harry.”

He looks at her trying to compose his thoughts.

“For sticking with me longer than you ever expected you to.” She gave a sweet smile and took his hand.

“Let’s get home.”

10 YEARS LATER

Harry walked around the room making sure everything was in place.

“Desks are all out of the way, windows are open, textbooks are there, board is clean. Okay. you’ve got this, you’ve always got this!”

He adjusted his signed Holyhead Harpies poster to align just right in the wall (marrying the strongest chaser does have its benefits) and with a wave of his wand opened the door.

Students started to walk in varying houses, sitting down within their groups and talking amongst themselves. Some even looked familiar; Hermione’s and Ron’s kid, Rose, waved at him along with Teddy Lupin. They both quietly shouted a sweet Good luck at him before returning back to the conversations they were previously having.

Once everyone was calmed down and had their equipment out, Harry took up a piece of chalk and started writing.

“Good morning everyone, my name is Professor Potter and I will be your Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, and if there is anyone who knows how to take care of the dark arts, well, it’s me.” Harry’s scar hadn’t hurt him in the last decade. It was gonna be okay.